

Dan Brand and Tipi



BEFORE THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, THE FRENCH AND THE BRITISH ENGAGED IN FIERCE AND BLOODY BATTLES FOR CONTROL OF THE NEW WORLD. ONE FAVORITE TACTIC WAS TO PLAY ON THE SMOLDERING HATREDS OF THE INDIAN FOR THE WHITE SETTLERS. WHEN STIRRED TO WAR,

THE INDIAN TRIBES UNITED INTO ONE GREAT BLOODTHIRSTY ARMY—AND THEIR LONG PENT-UP BITTERNESS EXPLODED ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY IN

"MASSACRE!"

A GRIM FOREBODING GRIPS THE NORTHERN FRONTIER! FROM EVERY HILL SMOKE SIGNALS ARE SEEN—OMINOUS SIGNS OF BLOOD AND DEATH TO COME!

RISE, BROTHERS! SWIFTLY, LET US SPEED TO OUR CHIEFS WHO CALL US. IT IS THE CALL OF WAR—AT LAST!



AND IN EVERY INDIAN CAMP OF WARLIKE IROQUOIS AND HURON, STERN PREPARATIONS FOR COMING SLAUGHTER ARE MADE...

DON THE WAR PAINT! CLEAN RIFLES! SHARPEN TOMAHAWKS TO THE EDGE OF THE KEENEST KNIFE! PREPARE, BRAVES—FOR TOMORROW THE GREAT INDIAN NATIONS ASSEMBLE!



AND ON THE MORROW—FROM EVERY HILL AND VALLEY, THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF GRIM INDIANS STREAM IN NEVER-ENDING FILES AND JOIN THEIR FORCES.

FROM EVERY HILL WE COME—MORE NUMEROUS THAN TREES! THE WHITE MAN SHALL TREMBLE AND FALL BACK BEFORE US!





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FINALLY, WHEN ALL THE CHIEFS ARE ASSEMBLED FOR THEIR COUNCIL OF WAR, THEY ARE ADDRESSED BY—TWO FRENCH GENERALS!

WE PROMISE GREAT TRACTS OF LAND, MANY BRIGHT BEADS, MUCH FIRE-WATER AND RIFLES, IF YOU MAKE WAR AGAINST THE ENGLISH COLONIES. EES NOT SO?

AH, OUI—SO! ZE KING OF FRANCE—HE HAS ONLY LOVE FOR ZE BRAVE CHIEFS OF ZE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS!



GOOD! FOR WE, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON NATIONS THIRST FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE SETTLER WHO TAKES AWAY OUR HUNTING LANDS! WE NEED YOUR RIFLES — THEN WE ATTACK!



AND SOON—THE ATTACK!

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S WAR! IF WE GOT TO DIE—LET'S DIE FIGHTIN'!



LEAVE NOT ONE WHITE MAN ALIVE!



MASSACRE!!!

THE HATED, FEARFUL WORD, "MASSACRE" RIPS ACROSS THE FRONTIER LIKE A THROTTLED SCREAM! STARK FEAR RIDES IN ADVANCE OF THE POURING WAVES OF THE INDIAN ARMIES! THE ROADS ARE CHOKED WITH FLEEING REFUGEES, RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES. "MASSACRE!" EXPLODES ACROSS THE WILDERNESS TOWNS — CAN NO ONE STEM THE SAVAGE TIDE?

KILL! KILL! KILL! WE SHALL LINE OUR WIGWAMS WITH THE SCALPS OF THE WHITE MEN!



THE DURANGO KID

THE BRITISH COLONIAL ARMY SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE! AND, LEADING THEM, AS SCOUTS, ARE DAN BRAND AND TIPI!

I HOPE WE'RE ON TIME! EVERY MINUTE MEANS A LIFE SAVED, DAN BRAND!

I KNOW, GENERAL BRADDOCK— IF ONLY YOUR TROOPS COULD MOVE FASTER!



FRANKLY, GENERAL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR TACTICS. THE RED COATS OF YOUR SOLDIERS AND THEIR PARADE-MARCHING WILL MAKE THEM PERFECT TARGETS FOR THE INDIANS! INDIANS FIGHT FROM CONCEALMENT, YOU SEE. THEY DISPERSE BEHIND EVERY TREE...



... THEY EVEN PAINT THEIR BODIES AND FACES FOR CAMOUFLAGE! WAR ISN'T A PARADE GROUND FOR *THEM*, GENERAL! UNLESS YOU CHANGE YOUR WAY OF FIGHTING YOU'LL BE BEATEN MERCILESSLY. INDIANS MUST BE FOUGHT INDIAN-STYLE!

BAH! COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NONSENSE?

I DON'T THINK IT'S NONSENSE AT ALL! DAN BRAND'S RIGHT, SIR!

FOOLS! WHAT UTTER NONSENSE! SIRRAH— WHEN THOSE DEUCED SAVAGES SEE OUR DISCIPLINED FORMATIONS AND HEAR OUR BUGLES, THEY'LL RUN LIKE THE COWARDS THEY ARE! IMAGINE— PRIMITIVE SAVAGES BEATING HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS! IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT THAT NIGHT, COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKES DAN AND TIPI ASIDE, SECRETLY...

DAN YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! I FEAR THAT BRADDOCK WILL BE SORELY BEATEN. THE COLONIES WILL BE LOST UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT FIGHTING THE INDIANS IN THEIR OWN WAY— AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT!

GO, DAN— LEAVE NOW! I TRUST YOU— DO WHAT YOU CAN! I SHALL FIGHT IT OUT HERE WITH BRADDOCK!

PROTECT YOURSELF WELL, SIR! AMERICA WILL HAVE NEED OF MEN LIKE YOU SOME DAY! FAREWELL! TIPI AND I WILL SLIP PAST THE GUARDS..



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

QUICKLY, LITTLE BROTHER. WE MUST ROUND UP THE FRIENDLY TRIBES OF CATAWBA, CHIPPEWA AND MOHAWK— AND BRING THEM AGAINST THEIR ANCIENT ENEMIES, THE IROQUOIS AND HURON...!



THE DURANGO KID

AND SOON—THE BACKWOODS THROB TO THE SOUND OF DRUMS, STEADY AND PULSING LIKE HEART-BEATS IN THE NIGHT. FROM HILL TO HILL THE LOGDRUMMERS PASS THE URGENT MESSAGE ON...

I HEAR THE DRUMS EVEN NOW—"DAN BRAND...CHIPPEWA...CATAWBA...MOHAWK...COME QUICKLY WITH TOMAHAWK AND GUN...THE HATED IROQUOIS ARE ON THE WARPATH...COME ALL...COME!"



MEANWHILE—GENERAL BRADDOCK'S TROOPS SIGHT THE ENEMY.

ENEMY INDIANS, SIRE—SIGHTED IN THOSE WOODS!

ATTENTION! MEN, PREPARE FOR BATTLE! ATTACK FORMATION!



IN PERFECT STEP, RANKS STRAIGHT AS RULERS, COLORS FLYING, BAG-PIPES PLAYING, DRUMS ROLLING, BUGLES BLOWING—THE BRITISH COLONIAL ARMY MARCHES TO THE ATTACK...

FORWARD, MARCH! FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING!

BLIMEY! WHERE'S THE ENEMY? I CAN'T EVEN SEE 'EM!



THE ENEMY WAITS! THE TRAP IS SET, INDIAN-STYLE...

SOON, MY BRAVES—WE SHALL SLAUGHTER THESE SILLY PARADERS!



AND THEN—ALL AT ONCE, FROM EVERY DIRECTION, FRONT, REAR, RIGHT, LEFT, ABOVE—COMES A DEADLY RAIN OF BULLETS AND ARROWS, LACING INTO THE REDCOAT RANKS!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GENERAL—ORDER THE MEN TO DISPERSE AND DIG IN—SO THEY CAN FIGHT BACK! WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED LIKE DUCKS IN A POND!

NEVER! HIS MAJESTY'S TROOPS WILL NEVER BEND TO SAVAGES!



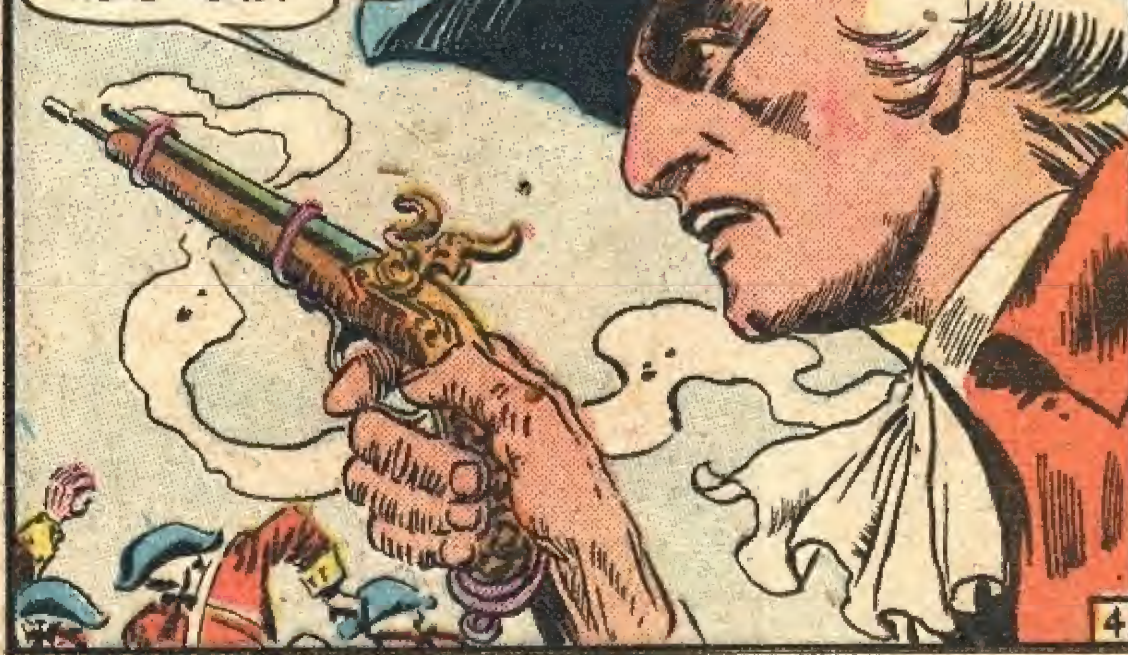
THE RED-COATED SOLDIERS ARE RIPPED TO PIECES...

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I CAN'T STAND IT! LET'S RUN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



...AND, PANIC-STRICKEN, THEY FLEE—CHASED BY TRIUMPHANT IROQUOIS...

STOP! DON'T RETREAT! DIG IN AND FIGHT! FIGHT! IF ONLY DAN BRAND WERE HERE!



THE DURANGO KID

A FEW MILES TO THE REAR, THE RETREATING ARMY MEETS DAN BRAND AND HIS INDIAN FRIENDS...

RUN! RUN! THE ENEMY'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

SILENCE, MAN—WE'RE RUNNING AWAY NO LONGER! DAN BRAND IS HERE! IT WAS TERRIBLE, DAN—YOU WERE SO RIGHT!



RUNNING DEER—CONCEAL YOUR RIFLE-MEN IN THE TREETOPS! LONG FOOT—DISGUISE YOUR MEN AS BUSHES! GREAT BEAR—YOU AND YOUR TRIBE WILL HIDE TO THE REAR IN THE VALLEY AS A RESERVE ATTACK FORCE...

I'M GOING TO STAY HERE AND FIGHT WITH YOU, DAN—TO LEARN HOW IT'S DONE!



TIPI—TAKE HALF THE WARRIORS AND HIDE THEM ON THAT HILL. WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, ATTACK AND CUT OFF THE ENEMY FROM THE REAR.

FOLLOW ME, BRAVES!



RED FINGER—DO YOU UNDERSTAND YOUR MISSION?

I DO, BROTHER DAN BRAND. WE SHALL REMAIN HIDDEN HERE, FIRING OUR ARROWS HIGH INTO THE AIR SO THAT THEY WILL FALL LIKE RAIN UPON THE HEADS OF THE HATED IROQUOIS AND HURONS!



AH, HERE THEY COME—INTO OUR TRAP! WE WILL NOT FIRE UNTIL WE SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!

I SHALL USE THAT TACTIC SOME DAY!



THE OVER-CONFIDENT IROQUOIS AND HURONS CHARGE INTO THE CLEARING, NOT KNOWING THEY ARE SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY DAN'S CLEVERLY HIDDEN MEN. THEN—

LIKE A ROLL OF THUNDER, THE VALLEY ECHOES TO THE CRACK OF TWO THOUSAND RIFLES AND THE AIR SINGS WITH THE HISS OF TWO THOUSAND ARROWS!



SACRE BLEU!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



TIPI — TAKE
CANOES AND
FOLLOW ME!



THE MAGNIFICENT RUNNING DIVE SENDS DAN
SLUICING THROUGH THE WATER...



SACRE
BLEU!



WHAT A VICTORY,
DAN! NOT ONE
OF THE ENEMY
GOT AWAY!



AND *THAT*, GENERAL
BRADDOCK, IS HOW TO
FIGHT THE INDIANS! USING
THESE TACTICS WE CAN
WIN THE INDIAN WAR!

IT'S AS GOOD AS
WON RIGHT NOW. I'LL
NEVER FORGET WHAT
I LEARNED TODAY!



IT'S NOT JUST THE
WAY TO FIGHT IN-
DIANS, DAN — IT MAY
ALSO BE THE WAY
TO FIGHT THE *BRIT-
ISH*, SOME DAY —
UNDERSTAND?

I DO, COLONEL!
SOME DAY WE'LL
WANT OUR INDE-
PENDENCE — AND
AT THAT TIME,
SIRE, I'M SURE
IT'LL BE GENERAL
WASHINGTON!

THE END